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BY THE NORTH SEA.

Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation ! Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change Sign or token of some eldest nation, Here would make the strange land not so strange l'ime forgotten, yea since time's creation, Seem these borders where the sea birds range. slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder Grows his heart who journeys here alone,

Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under Deep as deep in water sinks a stone. Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder, Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown. Tall the plumage of the rush-flower tosses, Sharp and soft in many a curve and line Gleam and glow the sea-colored marsh-mosses, Salt and splendid from the circling brine.

Streak on streak of glimmering seashine crosses All the land sea-saturate as with wine. Far and far between, in divers orders, Clear gray steeples cleave the low gray sky; Fast and firm as time-unshaken warders, Hearts made sure by faith, by hope made high

These alone in all the wild sea-borders Fears no blast of days and nights that die, All the land is like as one man's face is, Pale and troubled still with change of cares. Doubt and death pervade her clouded spaces; Strength and length of life and peace are theirs

Theirs alone amid these weary places,

Seeing not how the wide world frets and fare Firm and fast where all is cloud that changes, Cloud-clogged sunlight, cloud by sunlight thinned stern and sweet, above the sand-hill ranges Watch the towers and tombs of men that sinned Once, now calm as earth whose only change is Wind, and light, and wind, and cloud, and wind

## LITTLE KATE AND I.

We didn't wait for an income to marry on, little Kate and I. We had no rich relations to leave us legacies or to send pearl necklaces, diamond ornaments, or thousand dollar bonds for wedding presents. I was simply a brakeman on the Eastern Michigan Railway, a long and lonely stretch of rails over desolate marshes, steep mountain grades, and solitary sweeps of prairie land; she was the bright-eyed waitress in one of the restaurants along the fine. But when I fell from the platform when the great accident happened-you've heard of the Great Accident, I suppose, when there was such a shocking loss of life--it was Kate's care, and nothing else, that brought me back into the world I had so nearly quitted for good and all!

"I would have done it for anybody, Mark!" said she, when I tried to thank

"Would you?" said I, "But it isn't everybody that would have done it for So I asked her to marry me, and she

said ves. And I took a little cottage on the edge of the Swampscot woods, and furnished it as well as I could, with a red carpet, cheese-cloth curtains at the windows, a real Connecticut clock, and a set of walnut chairs that I made myself, with seats of rushes, woven in by old Billy, the Indian, who carried his baskets and mats around the country, and Mrs. Perkins, the parson's wife, made us a wedding cake, and so we were married. Pretty soon I found out that Kate

was pining a little. "What is it, sweetheart?" said I. "Remember, it was a contract between us that we were to have no secrets from each other! Are you not perfectly happy?" "Oh, yes, yes!" cried Kate, hiding

her face on my shoulder. "But it's my mother, Mark. She's getting old, and if I could only go East to see her, just once, before the Lord takes her away!" It was then that I felt the sting of my poverty most. If I had only been a rich man to have handed her out a check, and said "Go at once!" I think I could have

been quite happy.
"Never mind, sweetheart," said I, stroking down her hair. "We'll manage it after a little. We'll lay up a few dollars from month to month, and you shall go out and see her before she dies!"

And with that little Kate was forced to be content. But there was a hungry homesick look upon her face which it

went to my heart to see. "If I was rich!" I kept saying to myself. "Oh, if I was only rich!" One stormy autumn night we were be-

lated on the road, for the wind was terrible, shaking the century old pines and oaks, as if they were nothing more than tall swamp grasses, and driving through the ravines with a shriek and a howl like a whole pack of hungry wolvesr And the heavy rains had raised the streams so that we were compelled to go carefully and slowly over the bridges, and keep a long look ahead for fear of accidents.

I was standing at my post, in front of the second passenger car, stamping my feet on the platform to keep them warm, and hoping little Kate would not be perturbed at my prolonged absence, when the news agent came chuckling out:

"We're to stop at Stumpville Station," "Nonsense," said I, "I know better,

This train never stops short of Waukensha City, least of all when we are running to make up for lost time, as we are to-night. "Oh, but this is an exceptional occa-

sion," said Johnny Mills (which was the news agent's name. "We're going to put an old woman off.) She has lost her ticket, she says. More likely she never had one. Goes on as though she'd had her pocket picked."

"It's most a pity, isn't it, to put one off to-night?"said I. Least of all at such | perils of a journey to the far West to see a lonely place as Stumpville Station, where there are only two houses and a

blacksmith shop." the newspapers that he carried in a rub- and the guardian angel of little Kate and wretched passion in which I had gone ber case under his arm. "But the Sup- the baby, when I am away on my long away that morning! erintendent of the road has got out a trips. new set of instructions, and he's that | And little Kate declares now that she particular that Jones wouldn't dare to is "perfectly happy!" God bless her-

so many confidence games played on the

road lately.' "Which is the one?" said I, turning to look at the end window of the car which was at the rear.

"Don't you see? The old party at the back of the two fat women in the red shawls. She's haranguing Jones now.'

"I see," said I. It was a little old woman in black silk poke-bonnet, a respectable cloth cloak, bordered with ancient fur, and a long green veil, who was earnestly talking and gesticulating with the conductor. But he shook his head and passed on, and she sank back in a helpless little heap behind the green veil, and I could see her take a small handkerchief from a small basket and put it piteously to her eyes.

remember that he once had-if he hasn't got now-a mother of his own." "And lose his place on the road, "said Mills, "No, no, old fellow, all that

sort of thing does very well to talk about, but it don't work in real life." So he went into the next car, and the signal to slack up came presently.

turned to Mr. Jones, the conductor, who just then stepped out on the platform. "Is it for that old lady?" said I. He answered, "Yes." Said I, "How far did

she want to go?" "To Swampscott," "You needn't stop, Mr. Jones," said I, "I'll pay her fare."

"You!" he echoed. "Yes, I," said I. "I'll take her to my own house, until she can telegraph to her friends or something. My wife will be good to her, I know, for the sake of

her own old mother out West!" "Just as you please," said Mr. Jones, "But when you've been on the road as long as I have, you'll find that this sort of thing doesn't answer."

"I hope I shall never be on the road too long to forget my Christian charity," I answered, a little nettled. And I took out my worn pocket-book and handed over the money.

We did not stop at Stumpville Station after all, but put on more steam and ran as fast as it was safe to drive our engine -and when, a little past midnight, we reached Swampscott, where we were due at 7:30. Pierre Rene, the Frenchman came on board to relieve me, and I helped my old lady off the train, flat basket. traveling bag and all.

"Am I to be put off after all?" said she. with a scared look around her. "Cheer up, ma'am," said I, "You are

all right. Now, then-look out for the step! Here we are," Where am I?" onit the old raty. "At Swampscott, ma'am," said I. "And you are the kind man who paid

my fare?" said she. "But my daughter and her husband will repay you when-"All right, ma'am,"-said I. "And now, if you'll just take my arm, we'll be home in a quarter of an hour."

"But," said she, "why can't I go directly to my destination?" "It's middling late, ma'am," said I. 'And houses don't stand shoulder to

shoulder in Swampscott. My nearest neighbor is a mile and a-half away. But never fear, ma'am, I've a wife that will be glad to bid you welcome for the sake of her own mother."

She murmured a few words of thanks. but she was old and weary, and the path was rough and uneven, in the very teeth of the keen November blast-and walking wasn't an easy task. And presently, we came to the little cottage on the edge of the Swampscott woods, where the light glowed warmly through the Turkey

red curtains. "Oh, Mark, dearest, how late you are?" cried Kate, making haste to open the door. "Come in, quick, out of the wind. Supper is all ready, and-but who is that with you?"

In a hurried whisper I told her all. "Did I do right, 'Katie,?" said I. "Right! Of coure you did," said she.

'Ask her to come in at once. And I'll put another cup and saucer on the table.' Tenderly I assisted the chilled and weary old lady across the threshold. "Here's my wife," said I. "And here's a cup of smoking hot coffee and

some of Katie's own biscuits and chicken pie! You'll be all right when the cold is out of your joints a bit!" "You are very, very welcome," said Kate, brightly, as she advanced to untie

our visitor's veil and loosen the folds of her cloak. But, all of a sudden, I heard a cry, "Mother, oh, mother!" And looking around, I saw Kate and the old lady clasped in each other's arms.

"Hold on, Kate!" said I, with the coffee-pot still in my hand, as I had been lifting it from the fire. "This is never—" "But it is, Mark!" cried out Kate, breathlessly. "It's mother; my own mother! Oh, help me, dearest, quickly: she has fainted away!"

But she was all right again, presently, sitting by the fire with her feet on one of the warm cushions, which Kate had knit on wooden needles, and drinking hot coffee. It was all true. The unfortunate passenger whose pocket had been picked on the train, and to whose rescue I had come, was no other than my Kate's own

her child once again. And she has been with us ever since, the dearest old mother-in-law that ever a Oh, heaven! what possible doom might I 'Yes, I know," said Mills, adjusting man had, the comfort of our household, not have brought upon myself by the

overlook a case like this. There's been may she never be otherwise.

The White Stripe.

A rough-looking man? Yes, pehaps I am. We ain't all responsible for our outside husk, no more than a horse-destnut or a hazel nut is. The kind of life I lead can't be lived in white kid gloves and dress | its fury. coats. I wasn't brought up with many adantages, and I'm only a brakeman on the Rensselaer & Saratoga Line. Old Jones was telling you about me, was he, sir? He'd better hold his tongue. There's more profitable subjects of conversation than I am. But Old Jones means well enough, and if he told you to ask me how that stripe of white hair came on my black mane, I ain't the man to go back on him. Oh, you needn't beg my pardon, sir! I don't mind talking about it now, though the time was when I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat.

We hadn't been married long, Polly and me, when it happened. Polly was as trim "It's too bad," said I. "Jones might and bright-eyed a slip of a girl as ever you'd wish to see. She was one of the waitresses in the Albany lunch room; and the first I ever set eyes upon her I made up my mind to make that girl my wife. So, when they raised my wages, I took heart and asked her if she would have them with me, with a wedding ring thrown in the bargain.

"Do you really mean it, Jake?" said she, looking me fully in the face, with those dark blue eyes of hers, that are like skies in the night.

"I do really mean it, Polly," said I. "Then," said she putting both her hands into mine, "I'll trust you, I've no living relative to advise me, so I can only take council with my heart.

So we were married. I rented a little one-story house, under the hill on the height that overlooked the Hudson-a cozy place, with a good-sized wood-pile at the rear, for winter meant winter in those parts and the snow used to be drifted up even with our door yard fence many and many a cold grey morning. And every-thing went smooth until Polly began to object to my mates at the White Blackbird, and the Saturday evenings I spent with the boys, after my train was safely run on the side track at the junction.

"Why, Polly, girl," said I, where's the harm? A man can't live by himself, like an oyster in its shell, and a social glass never yet harmed any one." "No," said Polly, "not a social glass,

Jake, but the habit. And if you would only put every five cent piece that you spent for liquor into cur little Bertie's tiny savings bank-' "Pshaw!" said 1. "I'm not a drunk ard, and I never mean to become one. And

no one likes to be preached to by his wife, Polly. Remember that, my girl, and you'l save yourself a deal of trouble." I kissed her and went away. But that was the beginning of the little, grave shadows, that grew on my Polly's face, like a creeping fog over the hills, and that she

has never got rid of since. It was a sore point between us-what the politicians call a vexed question. 1 felt that Poliy was always a ching me; strings by a woman. So-I shame to say it-I went to the White Blackbird oftener than ever, and I didn't often count the glasses of beer that I drank, and once or twice, of a particularly cold night, I let myself be persuaded into drinking something stronger than beer; and my brain wasn't the kind that could stand liquid fir with irapunity. And Polly cried, and i ost my temper, and-well, I don't like to think of all these things now. Thank

goodness they are over and gone. That afternoon as I stood on the back platform of my car, with my arms folded and my eyes fixed on the snowy waste of flat fields through which the iron track seemed to extend itself like an endless black serpent, I looked my own life in the face. I made up my mind that I had been behaving like a brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at the White Blackbird to me," muttered I, "as compared with one of Polly's sweet, bright looks? I will give the whole thing up. I' draw the line just here now We shall be off duty early to-night. I'll go home and astonish Polly!"

But as night fell, the blinding drift of a great snow storm came with it. We were belated by the snow which collected on the rails, and when we reached Earldale there was a little girl, who had been sent on in the care of the conductor, who must wait either three or four hours for a way train in the cold and cheerless station, or be taken home across a snowy field by some one who knew the way.

I thought of my own little children. "I'l take her," said I-and lifting her up, 1 gathered my coarse, warm coat about her, and I started for the long, cold walk under the whispering pines along the edge of the

I honestly believe she would have frozen to death if she had been left in the cold station until the way train could call for her. And when I had left her safe in charge of her aunt, I saw by the old kitchen time-piece that it was ten o'clock. "Polly will think I have slipped back into the Slough of Despond," I said to my-

self, with half smile; "but I'll give her an agreeable surprise!" Ploughing down amid the snow drift through a grove of pine trees that edged a ravine at the back of my house, I sprang lightly on the door-step; the door was shut and locked. I went around to the front. Here I effected and entrance, but the fire was dving on the hearth and little Bertie, tucked up in his crib called out.

"Papa, is that you?" 'Where is mamma, my son?" I asked ooking eageriy around at the desolate

"Gone out with the baby in her arms to look for you;" he said. "Didn't you meet her, papa?" I stood a minute in silence.

"Lie still, Bertie," said I, in a voice that sounded strange and husky even to myself. And I thought with dismay, of the blinding enowstorm outside, the treacherous gorges which lay between there and the White Blackbird, the trackless woods, mother, who had determined to risk the through which it was difficult enough to find one's way even in the sunshine of noonday, and-worst of all-the lonely track, across which an "express" shot like a meteor a few minutes before midnight.

The town clock, sounding dim and mufbefore I could find her? And like a fiery again,"

phantasmagoria before my mind's eye, I beheld the wild rush of the midnight express, and dreaded-I knew not what. For all that I could realize was, that the storm was growing flercer with every moment, and Polly and the baby were out in

As steadily as I could, I worked my way down toward the track, but more than once I became bewildered, and had to stop and reflect before I could resume my quest. And at length when I came out close to a ruined wood and water station on the edge of the track, I knew that I was full half a mile below the White Blackbird.

And in the distance I heard the long, shrill shrick of the midnight train. Some one else had heard it, too, for as . stood thus, I saw, faintly visible through the blinding snow, a shadowy figure issue from the ruined shed and come out upon the track, looking with a bewildered, un certain air, up and down-the form of

Polly, my wife, with the little baby in I hurried down to her as fast as the rapidly increasing snow drifts would let her but it was only just in time to drag her from the place of peril, and stand, breathlessly holding her back, while the flery, eyed monster of steam swept by with a rush and a rattle that nearly took away

"Polly!,' I cried. "Poly! speak to me!" She turned her wandering gaze toward me, with her vague eyes that seemed scarcely to recognize me.

"Have you seen my husband?', said she one Jacob Cotterel, brakeman on the local express?" "Polly! little woman! don't you know

me?" I gasped. "And I thought, perhaps," she added, vacantly, "you might have met him. It's very cold here, and-and-

And then she fainted in my arms. The long, long brain fever that followed was a sort of death. There was a time when they told me she would never know me again, but, thank God, she did. She recovered at last. And since that night I never had tasted a drop of liquor, and, please heaven, I never will again. The baby, bless its dear little heart, wasn't harmed at all. It lay snug and warm on its mother's breast. But if I hadn't happened to be close by them at that instant, the night express would have ground them into powder.

And the white stripe came into my hair ipon the night of that fearful snow storm. That's how it happened, sir.

Not My Fault.

"No, I am not one of the old veterans of the war." he slowly replied to the inquiry, "but it is not my fault. I wanted to be there, but something always held

"That was too bad."

"Yes, it was. When the war broke out I offered to go, but I was in jail on a six months antance and they wouldn't take me. I was innocent, of course, but as I was in jail the recruiting officer had had to refuse me. Lands! but how I did ache to get down at the front and wade in gore !" "And when you got out of jail?"

"Yes, I got out, but just then my mother died. I was on my way to enlist when she died, and of course that altered my plans. No one knows how badly I wanted to be down there and wade around in blood and glory." "Well, you didn't have to mourn all

through the war did you?" "Oh, no. Bless your soul, but I only mourned for thirty days, and then started out to enlist in the artillery. was just about to write down my name when a constable arrested me for breach of promise, and it was four months be fore I got through with the suit. Ah sir, but if you only knew how I suffered at being held back when others were winning glory on the field of carnage

you would pity me!" "But the suit was finally decided?" "Yes, finally, and within an hour after the jury brought in a verdict I started

for Toledo to enlist in the cavalry." And you enlisted?" Almost. I was being examined by the doctor when I got a dispatch that the old man had tumbled into the well, and of course I had to go home. I had to go home. I hadn't got the undertaker paid before lightning struck the barn. Then some one set fire to the cheese factory, and soon after that I had three ribs broken and was laid up for a year. When I finally did get around to enlist the doctor rejected me because I was colorblind, near-sighted, lame and deaf. I tell you, sir, when I think of the glory lost and the gore I didn't shed it breaks me right down and I don't even care for soda water. Hear the band! See the old vets and the exprisoners l Hang my hat, but why wasn't I born with legs long

## enough to kick myself over into Canada! A Bald-Headed Heathen.

They were walking on the avenue in Detroit the other evening when it was so very warm, arrayed in their summer clothes. In the distance shone the light of an ice cream saloon, merry inside with the jingle of spoons and dishes.

"Don't you think, dear, that we could find a cooler place than on the street?" "Perhaps we'd better go in the park and get a drink of water."

"Oh! Augustus, it is so warm,"

"So it is, pet."

"I'd scream first."

"Why would you scream, love?" "Oh! because because, oh! look, "I read, Angelique, darling, in the paper, that ice cream contained the germ is worth \$100 an acre, and if at the end tailed at a dollar and fifty cents to two of smallspox. That's the reason I didn't of seven years no heirs come forward, it dollars each. A flower dealer in Four-

some soda water." When Angelique got home she screamhurried down the hill. Eleven—and who ed to ma that she'd "never go out with knew what a length of time might elapse that stingy, old, bald-headed heathen question is which of the lawyers got his eight times the value of their weight in

Johnson was a boy. There is nothing peculiarly startling in this assertion, but there is something peculiarly startling in that boy. His name is George and every time George makes a move the and goes out on a target excursion after

George has shaved more cats with his father's clipping machine, has broken more windows, knows more about watermelon patches, catches more salted fish, sends more strangers on imaginary er rands, and abounds in more pure cussedness than any urchin of his size,

weight, age, length of feet in all Closter. When the neighbors look at their broken window or hunt around for things that George's mischievous propensities have induced him to hide, they feel like half feet below the original surface of 'hiding' him, and remark 'that Johnson must have been devilesh fond of children

to raise that boy.' Johnson isn't the only man that raised that boy. He has been raised by nearly every citizen from the Hackensack to the Hudson.

The other day a poor old decrpit native drove into town. He drove a crowbait horse, and a wagon as old and stale as last year's pie.

The native drew up in front of the hotel, let himself down out of the wagon, and went in to get a a 'drap uv apple He had just loaded the glass up to the

When the whistle shrieked the horse summoned all its latent strength, and by an almost superhuman effort pricked up its ears. Then it started off. The native dropped the contents of the glass-down his throat, and started after the animal. The horse was about one hundred yards ahead when he passed Johnson's stable. George took in the

caught the old man. 'Lemme go,' yelled the native, 'I want to ketch that horse.'

yelled 'whoa,' started after the animal

George said, 'Oh,' let the man go, and started after the horse again. Then he again changed his mind, came back and caught the citizen again, re.

marking :

this thing going on. I must ketch sumthink, I'll hold you,' and he did. At the junction is a drug store. The horse didn't know which road to take,

and choosing a happy medium went Johnson says that the boy must save up and pay for damages. We think he will, for we saw him playing pool recently, and every time he won a game he

'There's another round saved.'

Land Without an Owner.

Out in Butler county, Pa., two miles from Bakerstown, lies seventy acres of land for which no owner can be found. Forty-five years ago, in 1836, Richard Gibson and his wife bought the land and there they lived until death claimed them. Those days, from all accounts were not days of peace and happiness. Of worldly goods they had enough and to spare, but both were of a taciturn disposition, gruff and unsociable. Their neighbors shunned them, and isolated from the world they lived and quarreled until 1870, when Richard Gibson laid down the burden and passed across the dark river. After his death Mrs Gibson shut herself up more closely than ever. Alone in the farm-house she managed to exist until the people in the vicinity came to look upon it as the most natural thing in the world. Finally, a time came in March, 1880, when she was missed. No one had seen her for several these embankments or fortifications is a days and the house was forced. Lying on the floor they found Mrs. Gibson suffering from a fit. She never rallied, but died in two days. The Gibsons had no children, no known relative, no friends. The people who had closed Mrs. Gibson's eyes in death searched the house. About her clothing and in various nooks and crevices \$758 were found, but no papers which would reveal who she and her husband were. The money was turned into the Butler county courts, and two men named Shepard and Ferguson were appointed administrators. Naturally each went to his attorney for instruction, and each attorney immediately notified the Attornev General of the State that an estate

without heirs was lying in Butler A search was instituted to discover the past history of the deceased. It was found that in 1826 he had owned a saddlery shop in Leeds, England, before he came to the United States. In 1840 a brother had lived with him in Butler county, got in debt to the amount of three hundred pounds sterling, and left, going down the river, from which time nothing has been heard of him. About the same time Gibson had a brother-inlaw, named Gill, in that city. He was engaged in the livery business, the firm's name being Gill & Whiteley, but no ners. So the case stands. The property ask you to have some. Let's go and get goes to the State. One-fifth of its value teenth street, a few days before Christwill be the reward of the person who will be the reward of the person who first informed the Attorney General that the property had no claimant, and the sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, or

The Prehistoric American.

The high bluffs and banks of the Mis-

sissippi River near Chicago are dotted with Indian mounds, and large numbers of these wonderful sepulchres of the prehistoric age have been thoroughly exwhole town gets up and whoops itself plored, yet nothing has been discovered by which the scientist can, with any degree of certainty, arrive at the date of their erection or the history of the mysterious people who engaged in their structure. These mounds are symmetrically built, and range from three to six feet in height and from eight to sixteen feet in breadth at the base. Your correspondent has assisted in exploring a dozen or more mounds in this neighborhood, and in almost every instance a pit, parallelogram in shape, has been found, dug evidently about two and a the ground, about six feet long, and four feet wide, with the bottom and sides of hard baked clay. These pits are filled with human bones, representing al ages, buried in most cases in a sitting posture against the sides with legs extending to the centre. Over these bones are found layers of anhydrous earth of dark color, hard from pressure, but which easily crumbled into fine powder. Above this is a stratum of hard baked clay or cement, on the top of which is found a layer of ashes mingled with burnt shells and bones. In several instances the first thing struck after removing the earth from the tops of the French roof when the train came along. mounds were flat pieces of limestone joined together as tightly as though fitted by nature. In one mound unearthed on what is called the Portage, a short distance west of Chicago, were found bones indicating a race of gigantic stature. One immense skull was secured which measured fifteen inches from the occipital to the frontal bone. The largest mound in the Portage group situation at a glance. He rushed out, which was explored was found to be literally filled with bones, and sixteen changed his mind, turned around and skulls, all in a good state of preservation, were removed from the mess. In every one was a deep indentation on the left side, a little above and behind the orifice of the ear, as though crushed in with a blunt instrument. Relics were found in the shape of copper bodkins, chisels and wedges, all finely wrought; axes, arrows and spear heads, made of a "By Jimmy, I can't stand idle an' see species of flint not found in this region; a singular and finely finished pear-shaped implement of stone, probably used for skinning animals; great numbers of the large teeth of some carnivorous animal, supposed to be the bear; in some instances, large pearls, some of exquisite lustre, perforated to be strung, and a piece of pottery about twelve inches in height, urn shaped, round on the bottom and ornamented.

On top of one of the most romantic bluffs in the Upper Mississippi country, about eight miles from Chicago, overlooking what is called the Sand Prairie, are no less than 100 prehistoric mounds, uniform in size, and ranged in rows of from eight to ten. They are located near the edge of the bluff, and one large mound stands like a sentinel on the very point of the eminence. Behind this, and about twenty feet away is a deep ditch, resembling somewhat the western sink hole, yet scooped out, undoubtedly, by the same mysterious hands which reared the mounds adjacent. Your correspondent assisted in opening a half dozen of these mounds, which contained nothing but flat stones, with bones underneath.

In the township of West Galena, on the Nickol farm, are to be found lines of fortifications, built evidently for purposes of defence. They extend along the brow of a high elevation, skirting the north side of it completely. Behind fine level country. A short distance to the rear and at the middle of the outer line of the works is a mound in the shape of a house, and at the northwest extremity of the same line, and about an equal distance behind it, is another mound in the shape of a reptile.

The fortifications are about 2 feet in height, about 8 feet wide at the base, and fully 30 feet long. One or two of them have been thoroughly explored, but nothing has been found, not even

Eight Times Their Weight in Gold. The cut-flower business, another phase

of horticulture, is perhaps greater in the United States than in any other part of the world. Certainly the use of cut flowers in New York for bouquets, baskets, and other designs, is far greater than in either London or Paris, and the taste shown in their arrangement here is vastly superior. It is estimated that three million of dollars were paid for cut flowers in New York in 1880, one-third of which was for rose buds. Immense glass structures are erected in the suburbs for the special purpose of growing cut flowers to supply the bouquet-makers of the city. Not less than twenty acres of glass surface is devoted to the purpose of forcing roses alone, during the winter months. At some seasons the prices paid for these forced rose buds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, N. J., took into New York three hundred buds of the crimson rose known as "General Jacat wholesale, three hundred dollars, and which, ne doubt, were re-